

Science Finally Invents Pill That Shuts up Mothers-in-Law

Amazing Breakthrough Reported on Page 8

Tragic End of Beautiful Miltarian Love Story

Jackie Jilted By European Emperor

He's Suing Manufacturer

Hair Suddenly Sprouts On Telly Savalas' Head

—Story on Page 9

KKK Pounds Him to Pieces

Life Is Miserable For Fidel Castro Look-Alike

— Story on Page 14

Health Authorities Baffled

Gasid Indigestion Attack Sweeps (Burp) the Nation

— Story on Back Page

'We're Sorry,' They Shrug

Grand Canyon Accidentally Flooded by Govt. Engineers

— Story on Page 12



When King Victor (inset) broke off his engagement to Jackie Onassis, he booked passage for her return to America aboard a sordid cargo freighter. The exclusive photo shown here was snapped as an obviously disheveled and angry Jackie stepped off the gangplank in New York. Details of the tragic breakup are reported on Page 5.

THIS MAD WORLD

By News Extra International Staff

How Dumb Can A Cabbie Get?

WINDSOR, Ont. — Cab driver David Holman always will remember the day when two pretty women climbed into his cab, flipped a big wad of bills and asked him to take them to Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

They flashed warm smiles as they told her they had rich relatives waiting for them at the end of the line.

It was in good faith that Holman embarked on the 1,200-mile trip. When he pulled to a halt in the destination city, however, the women asked his permission to drop into a shop so that they could buy bathing suits.

Poor Holman. They never returned. Not only was he out of an \$800 fare — and the expected big tip — but he also had to wire his company for gas money to get back home. The firm was not pleased.

THE ARMY DOESN'T WANT ANY SURPRISE PACKAGES

FT. CALE, N.J. — Army recruit Sandra Gadsdrea, 18, had good cause why she failed to report for basic training as ordered.

Days after she had enlisted, but still weeks before she was supposed to report, Mrs. Gadsdrea learned she was pregnant.

She became a fugitive by not showing up for active duty as ordered. But the Army brass was persistent about having her body in the ranks. She came out of hiding eight months pregnant and gave herself up.

One week later, however, she was a civilian again. Mrs. Gadsdrea's superiors didn't want her to give birth while on the job.

THE KING'S WISE TO SPAGHETTI

RITLAW, Miss. — An attempt to assassinate King Victor III was quashed here this week.

Chef Henri Pasticco of the Gourmand's League tried to eradicate the monarch with poisoned spaghetti.

The try was foiled, however, because the king hates the stuff, especially the way Pasticco prepares it.

"I wouldn't give it to my dogs," he reportedly said.

HOOKEES NAMED TO COLLEGE BOARD

HOGWASH, Kan. — Students are thrilled but alarmed about the appointment of three local prostitutes to the Hogwash State College board of trustees.

In making the appointments of Janetta "Big Lips" Pirmall, Janie Ratterworth and Hattie McGee to the posts, college president Homer Wenzelschlag noted:

"These women have outstanding service records in the community, some of which date back 45 years, when I was a freshman here myself."

THIS IS A DOPEY PROBLEM

NEW YORK, Colo. — Drug problems are worse at the schools of this quiet mountain town than in any other city in the nation, school board chairman Wilbur Cornell believes.

"The problem is that we have no problem," he said. "As a result, we can't get any federal aid."

"That's why I'm forming a Man-of-the-mountain panel of concerned citizens to make sure that every kid in our schools gets hooked on one form of drug or another."

CAN'T MAKE A LIVING KIDNAPPING

BORO BRAGEL, N.J. — The frenzy of members racketeers "Mean Morris" Markowitz thought it had an ideal way of ridding itself of the troublesome gangster when he was kidnapped last week.

It refused to pay the \$100,000 ransom the abductors asked.

"We figured we'd be rid of him for good," one spokesman said. "That man can't get along with anybody."

But the plan backfired three days later.

Seven kidnapers found out what the family already knew. They dro, and Markowitz, bound and gagged, on his own doorstep.

Stuffed in his pocket was a note, which read: "We see what you mean."

Also in the envelope was \$20 in cash.

Bottom of Stupidity Barrel

These 3 Jerks Stand Around With Arms Folded to Set World Record

By URBAN KOLEPITS
Sports Editor

There is no prize, except perhaps a brief mention in the "Guinness Book of World Records." The rest of the crowd departed with the crowd months ago.

Only the intense thrill of competition sustains the last three athletes as they persevere toward a victory few will note and fewer still will remember.

They are John Worth, Hank Bartholomew and Peter Bartholomew Martine, who will be, in order still unknown, the winner, runner-up and third place holder in the First Annual Arm-Folding International Competition now conducting at Dunning State College in Chicago.

The fourth place finisher, Terrence Joe Dawood, dropped out a year ago along with 416 fellow competitors.

"My spot in the sports record books is secure and I got better things to do," he told NEWS EXTRA.

WORTH, Penwhistle and Martine won what they stick it out to the bitter end. The latter, green Arm-Folding field on the edge of Dunning State's plush campus has been their home since Sept. 3, 1974.

Dr. Barclay Wammack, athletic director at Dunning State, explained the little-known sport of endurance arm-folding.

"It is no good feat," he said. "To be really good at endurance arm-folding, one must stand with arms folded for months at a time. Inevitably, a collegiate participant flunks out of school."

"Worth, Penwhistle and Martine, for example, have missed three straight semesters of class and are working on their fourth. At least half of the other 50 competitors, who abandoned the effort in time for mid-term exams, have flunked out."

The First Annual Competition, he explained, began the day 1974 classes began. Dunning State is reputed to be a very dull school, with most of the students standing around with arms folded and sappy grins on their faces.

SO SOMEONE suggested a contest and outlined a few ground rules. Sappy grins, it was decided, would be optional.

A gravel surfaced parking lot was taken over for a playing field, and with a shout of "Gentlemen, fold your arms," the race commenced.

Bravely half of the competitors dropped out two hours later to watch a "Star Trek" rerun on TV; the other half lasted until mid-term exams. Now only Worth, Penwhistle and Martine remain.

THEY survive has no real solutions to the problems



peculiar to standing with one's arms folded for months at a time.

Penwhistle, a 26-year-old sophomore dropout, says he uses transcendental meditation.

Martine, at 25 the shortest of the three, says he relies on "sheer guts and courageous will power" to maintain him. He is a cousin of Penwhistle and claims the family resemblance is seen in their choice of eyeglasses.

WORTH, a 23-year-old junior dropout from Decatur, Ill., is the maverick of the bunch, the only one to use the controversial, risky, "Kramery" class. "In this technique, the semi-folded places his finger outside his upper arms rather than sticking them under his armpits."

"The orthodox 'Wendell's stance' is usually preferred," Wammack said. "With that technique, the weight of the arms, as well as the sticky sensation of the struggle, helps hold the arms in folded position."

"But Worth feels that the strength of his hands — he grips his elbows with his fingers — wins that makes up for it."

But there are other problems faced by endurance arm folders that casual spectators do not realize. Normal bodily functions, for example.

"Eating is no problem," says Worth. "Students bring up hamburgers from the school cafeteria."

"AND WE'VE all mastered the art of sleeping on our feet. We're college boys, remember, and sleeping standing up is no tougher than sleeping through a dumb lecture in some crowded classroom."

What about these "other" bodily functions, like going potty? NEWS EXTRA feels its readers have a right to know.

The competitors refused to answer. However, recent fans report each man has his own approach to answering nature's call while standing up fully clothed with arms folded.

Penwhistle's technique reportedly involves nose-pins hoses running down his pants legs; Martine is said to wear Pampers with the aldy-liners. Worth, meanwhile, admits to getting "a little help from my friends."

AS NEWS EXTRA went to press, the three men were still standing in the Dunning State endurance arm-folding field, waiting for each other to quit. They assumed appropriate sappy grins for our cameras and Martine's chief trader provided him a coat and hat to prevent his casual fold-may-came image.

Who will win? We can offer no clues except that the lanky Penwhistle seemed slightly less bored than the other two. Keep watching this space (in future issues, not this one, stupid) for the final outcome.

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If You People out There Think You Can Do Better, Then Write Your Own Damn Stories!

The Editors of National NEWS EXTRA are damn tired of receiving letters critical of the stories we publish. Not a week goes by that we do not receive thousands of letters from readers accusing us of distorting the facts or committing some inaccuracy. Typical of the tone of these in-sulting letters is the one we

received from a jerk named Maurice Turnipseed of Pughah, Ala., just last week. To quote Mr. Turnipseed: "I thank you pope! must be crass. St. Louis ain't in Illinois. Everybody knows it's in Indiana. I could cite a better story than you."

Okay Mr. Turnphall, we accept your challenge. This page has

been reserved for you, or any other mope who wants to write his own story. Once you have completed your story, mail it to: National NEWS EXTRA, 2715 N. Paulina Road, Chicago, Ill. 60639. The Editor will select the best three stories. The first place winner will receive a one-year subscription to NEWS EXTRA.

Second place will receive a two-year subscription. The third place winner will get a two-day all-expense paid vacation trip to Allentown, Pa., where post accommodations will be arranged at Jake's Roadside Motel and Wild Animal Kingdom.

Bernard H. (Big Scoop) Pulitzer
The Editor

At left is re-produced a page of notebook paper for you smart a-lecks who think you can do a better job of writing than NEWS EXTRA's distinguished corps of journalistic scribes. Clip out the page, copy or type your yarn and send it to: National News EXTRA, 2715 N. Paulist Road, Chicago, IL 60639. Please make sure that you keep between the lines when printing or typing. And if you want to win, go out and buy your own damn paper — we can't write anywhere valuable space on our moppin. The person who turns in the best story will win a one-year subscription to NEWS EXTRA. Hooeee! The second place winner will receive a one-year subscription to your favorite NEWS EXTRA. And third place? Hold your breath! That lucky devil will win a two-day, all-expense paid trip to Altoona, Pa. A few words of caution: Don't let your manuscript run on another line than this one in instructions.

Running Sore, Where Are You?

Great White Father Wants Indian To Take Back NY; Don't Be Fool!

By GEORGE ARMSTRONG

Lucius T. Running Sore, where are you? The Great White Father in Washington wants you bad. You owe him \$24.

Running Sore, 78, is believed to be the last living member of the once great Mohican Indian tribe. And as such he holds legal title to the city of New York, which the government would desperately like to unload.

The once great city, bedeviled by crime, neglect, financial failure, dry rot and the heartbreak of poorness, costs more to operate than it's worth, legal experts agree. But a long forgotten clause in the original bill of sale says it belongs to Lucius T. Running Sore.

"Mr. Running Sore has been ordered to come and take possession of his city and clean it up to federal standards. He has neglected his property to the extent it has become a health hazard and an eyesore," said Goodman W. Quisp of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the Department of the Interior branch that handles things belonging to Indians.

"THE FURTHER is required to assume custody of the residents of said city and clean them up to federal standards. We will negotiate with Mr. Running Sore, however, on a time schedule convenient to both him and the federal government for removing his property from the premises."

Running Sore, still in hiding, reportedly has retained the services of a prominent lawyer to fight the order. "While man no want city; why should Indian?" a spokesman said.

The beginnings of this bizarre story date far back into America's past.

Long time NEWS EXTRA readers will recall that 17th century Dutch settlers bought the island of Manhattan from the native Mohican Indians for \$24 worth of trinkets. You probably read it here first.

Both parties seemed pleased with the deal. The Indians dumped a smoggy, bug-ridden pesthole of an island at a profit (they got it free), and the Dutch, accustomed to high Old World realty prices, thought they were getting a bargain.

IT IS NOT widely known that the wary foreigners had pressed the Indians for a guarantee. "If we or our descendants should be dissatisfied with the purchase, we, as sellers, must agree to take it back," the head Dutchman said. The Indians' chief, who spoke no Dutch spoke hands on it.

Today, the Federal Trade Commission would call the agreement a full warranty.

The Dutch raised their new price New Amsterdam, and for many years, seemed happy with it.

Some time later, British settlers came and took the island away from the Dutch. They renamed the place New York, and for many years, seemed happy with it.

But they suffered again through the years. Since there were no Americans present at the original sale they knew nothing of the money-back guarantee.

"THE INVESTMENT never lived up to its promises," and one historian. "But the Americans were sick with it."

"And anyway, trigger happy settlers had wiped out the last of the Mohicans and



so there was no one left to pay back the purchase price."

Actually, there were several Mohicans left, but to one thought to look for them.

Until now. The well-publicized financial problems that have plagued New York City in recent years forced the government to seriously investigate every alternative. "For centuries we had hidden ourselves that somehow New York City could be made to work," financial expert Barlow McGeehan told NEWS EXTRA. "But it soon became apparent we were throwing good money after bad."

"The government of the state of New York has refused to pitch in another dime and so have the governments of the 49 other states. That leaves the federal government and the New Yorkers themselves and none of them wants any part of it."

IT'S LIKE an old car that's worn out, but it's too big to haul off to the junkyard. A decision was reached in August 1975: unload the city.

Since nobody had enough money to buy New York except the Arabs, and they knew better, the initial plan to sell the city was scrapped. The federal government reluctantly admitted it would have to be given away.

Secretary of State Henry Kissinger reportedly first approached the leaders of the Netherlands, whose ancestors had settled Manhattan Island.

"Sorry, the English was it from as far and square," a Dutch minister was quoted as saying. "Give it back to them."

A high-level British official responded when confronted with the gift: "It's yours. You people won the Revolutionary War. Isn't that what you're bragging about this year with your Bicentennial business? We don't want it and you can't make us take it."

SADLY, THE secretary returned home to Washington with the news - America was stuck with New York City.

"But wait," President Ford exclaimed to his secretary. "What about the Indians? If we play our cards right, we can get rid of New York City and maybe get a \$24 refund to boot. Sure, \$24 isn't much, but every little bit helps."

"Sorry," answered the secretary. "All Indians are not the same. The Mohicans sold us the island and only that tribe can be held responsible."

"Make the Mohicans take it back then." "Sorry again. The Mohicans were wiped out ages ago. I think there is one tribesman left."

"Then we must make finding him a top priority project."

WITHIN DAYS, thousands of FBI and CIA agents dugged as Indians were scouring the reservations and Western frontier areas of the land, looking for a Mohican.

But the Indians of America had gotten

wind of what was going on, and not one of them would own up to being a Mohican. The agents discovered Running Sore through a letter he once wrote to a newspaper, signed, "Lucius T. Running Sore, Mohican." But they're still searching for him.

"The government has hired some of the best collection agencies and skip tracers in the business," McGeehan told NEWS EXTRA. "But they can't find Running Sore. It is believed he is being hidden by sympathetic whites."

According to the government's Quisp, the search will continue as long as necessary.

"ACTUALLY, Mr. Running Sore should not worry," he said.

"We intend to let him pay off the \$24 refund in easy installments at a modest rate of interest."

"And New York City isn't such a bad thing to have, although it comes with \$35 billion in debt. It's got lots of nice top cars he can play with, and copies of dirty bookazines, massage parlors and X-rated movie houses. There is even a big vacant lot, Central Park, where he can pitch his tent."

"The big buildings there are pretty, some of them. And once he cleans the place up he might even turn it into a tourist attraction similar to Disney World."

"It could be a nice place to visit," he said.

GOOD RIDDANCE, MILITARIANS SHOUT

King Vitor Calls Off Engagement to Jackie

By STURGIS FORNEY
Foreign Correspondent

The Romance of the Century is off. King Vitor III has broken off his engagement to Jackie Osmas.

Vitor, the ruler of Militar, a tiny kingdom in the Alps, called a press conference to announce the official dissolution of the affair.

"Good riddance," the eccentric Vitor said. "I learned she was after my money. When she had a slip of the tongue and called me 'Big Daddy Osmas' I knew the magic had flown."

Vitor's announcement was followed by spontaneous demonstrations of joy outside the palace in the Militar capital city of Rillam.

"We never wanted that woman on the throne beside our beloved king in the first place," said Klara Hesse, a humble cobbler who closed his shop to join the happy revelers. His statement seemed to reflect the sentiment of the entire drabster mob.

FAR INTO the night, thousands of Militar subjects paraded outside the Foodini palace, while picked guards nervously trained their rifles. However, there were no violent incidents.

King Vitor himself was obliged to make three separate appearances at the palace balcony. At each appearance, the crowd cheered wildly as the king raised his hand in salute and benediction.

"Long live the king!" "God bless our beloved ruler!" "Justice lives!" were some of the shouts of the crowd.

Others, more unruly, yelled "Bring us the usurper Jackie! Put her on the burning stool!"

However, even as the mob surged around the palace,

Jackie was safe on a tramp steamer, headed back to the U.S.

KING VITOR had slipped her out of the palace before making his announcement, put her in the baggage car of the Militar Express, and warned her not to get off the train until it reached Trieste, several hundred miles away.

From there, Jackie sailed. Vitor gave her a letter of recommendation to the captain of the tramp steamer "Harnadee Jacket," who put her to work in the galley during the five-week voyage to America.

Jackie was forced to return the engagement ring that King Vitor had given her. It was made from the fabulous Selenite Diamond, valued at \$55 quadrillion moidlers, the official Militar currency. That would be \$23 million American.

Later, in an exclusive interview with this NEWS EXTRA reporter, King Vitor III told his reasons for breaking with the Yankee heiress.

"FIRST SHE demanded a honeymoon revealing the one that Mr. Osmas had given her," the king said.

"Although that would have entailed spending half the gross national product of my prosperous little kingdom, I agreed at first.

"Then I learned that she intended the honeymoon to last forever. I never saw such a woman. All she thinks about is money, money, money.

"While she was a guest in my palace, she spent most of her time in the Royal Treasury's counting house, badgering the clerks for information as to how rich I am.

"She asked me to draw up an official proclamation that would tax everyone in the kingdom, from adolescent to lowest elf, 26 per cent of their annual income for the next



Jackie is photographed as she travels in the baggage car of the Militar Express, which whisked her out of the tiny but angry European kingdom.

10 years as a 'gift of gratitude' to her for agreeing to become their queen.

"THE QUEEN of swag, that's what she is. Why, if I'd been crazy enough to follow her wishes, I would have been thrown into the moat!

"She even demanded a new throne, saying the existing one, which is made of solid gold with embedded rubies, emeralds, diamonds and sapphires, had a tiny scratch and was not fit for Her Royal Highness.

"When she wasn't in the counting house staring at new ways to spend my money, she was in the royal kitchen, sampling the food and putting down the royal chef.

"She demanded that I fire the entire kitchen staff and bring her own favorite cooks to Militar. When I refused, she went on a hunger strike until I finally agreed to have her made keen in specially from New York.

"SHE WENT into hysterics when I refused to pull up the shrubbery in the palace garden, and plant her favorite flowers in their place. Why, those shrubs were planted by my great-grand-great-great-great-grandfather, Vitor I, in 1898 A.D., and are as important a tradition in Militar history as the palace itself.

"Nonsense-bob," the king emphasized, "I had just about as much of that commiser as I could take!"

Jackie, desperate, took a job with a book publisher on her return to New York. It is reported that her first assignment will be to write her version of the broken romance.

"That book will be banned in Militar, I'll tell you that!" said King Vitor, veins standing out on his neck as he fought for control of his emotions.

"Anyone in this kingdom caught with a bootlegged copy will keep company with the royal rats in the royal dungeons for the next 30 royal years!"

RACK IN the king's good graces in Queen Hess, the 25-year-old beauty who almost was banished. In fact, she had picked her bags and was waiting for a car to take her to Rillam International Airport when a corner of the king arrived and breathlessly told her she was queen again.

"My prayers are answered!" she screamed. "My king has reprieved me!"

Vitor himself concurred: "Well, it was either put her back on the throne, send her off or have her beheaded.

"Since Hess does have the knack, shall we say, of keeping one's wits sharp, I think I'll let her stick around for a while. When I tire of her, as I do from time to time, there are always the comely young peasant girls who would sell their own mothers for a night of pleasure with the king."

VITOR DECLARED a week of national celebration as Jackie's train chugged off toward the border.

He ordered each subject in his kingdom to be given an extra ration of bread, and the work day was cut to 14 hours during the week-long fest.

"When a man has had as close a call as I have had," King Vitor said, "there should indeed be a period of rejoicing."



Queen Hess is back in the good graces of dashing King Vitor III.

Rhonda Reed's Celebrity Notebook



Lynn, You Just Don't Make It as 'The Happy Hooker'

Hookers nationwide are picking the Lynn Redgrave movie, "The Happy Hooker," on the grounds that the hefty British beauty never actually worked the streets and therefore is phony in the starring role. "There are thousands of real hookers who could have played the part much better," said Belinda Road Hoots, the half-Cherokee president of the Prostitutes International Union. "Certainly, any one of us could have improved on her dull, uninspired performance."

That eerie, metal-on-metal sound you hear is the ax sharpening going on in the board room of Sinner Studios, where deals are set to roll after the utter failure of the company's fall film releases. "The Devils of Yesterday," which cost a budget-busting \$6 million, is playing to empty seats. Barbara Bepko's big comeback movie, "Feet, Do Ye Stink!," has shown the neo-wisdom of a 39-year-old actress has been trying to play a 19-year-old chorus girl. By the time you read this, all the Sinner producers except those in charge of the X-rated flick division will be pecking the bricks.

Raguel Welch's reconciliation with boyfriend Ron Talley didn't last long, did it? We hear that Ron, a costume designer, insisted that Raguel wear roller skates around the house, for old time's sake. As you recall, he fell in love with her when he did the costumes for her Roller Derby movie, "Kansas City Bomber."

These British horror movie trine, Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing, are looking for backers for their new flick, a combination of horror and kiddie appeal tentatively titled "Benji Meets Dracula."

Speaking of animal actors, we were saddened to learn that Rita The VIII, descendant of the original, was found dead on an alley in Burbank, starved to death. Why doesn't Hollywood take care of its own???? We hear that a delicious owner refused to give the poor mutt a bone a few hours before his demise.

Angered porno patrons stormed out of the Libido Theater during the premiere of "A Yaker in Dildo," the first X-rated effort by European director Vuk Gostic. Seems that the entire two-hour movie consists of a single scene, a camera zooms on a motionless artificial sex organ. The folks were hastily given refunds, and the film's producer has withdrawn it from circulation "voluntarily."

My spin report that mutineer John Redgrave is going to try something new — girls. That will come as bad news to his long-time roommate, Rick Judd. We predicted trouble for this pair a long time ago, though. In our July 22, 1973, column, we told exclusively that Randy was making eyes at his own behind Rick's back. He denied it vehemently at the time. What do you have to say now, Randy? At any rate, Mr. Redgrave now is dating starlet Debbie Blueberry. They met outside a Mafiosi gay bar.

Epic Productions, Inc., might as well face the facts: One of their biggest stars — who as high on public morality and who won't appear in anything but a PG or G-rated movie, is now shooting marijuana directly into his veins. Worse, he's developed hepatitis and his friends say his mind is almost gone.

That was too bad about director Hans Wiesel, 73, who died of a heart attack on his wedding night. His bride, Suki Bevers, 16, ran screaming into the night for help, but it was too late. The former script girl who captured the legendary Hans' heart recovered quickly, though. Seems she got him to sign over his estate assets, estimated at \$25 million, to her before the ceremony.

Freak and Freedom Party

Awful Looking Dwarf Tosses His Hat Into '76 Presidential Race

By HUBERT LANDSLEIDE
NEWS EXTRA
Political Editor

A two-foot, six-inch dwarf has declared himself candidate for president and says he will sweep into office in 1976 on the votes of hundreds of thousands of freaks and millions of sympathizers.

Hernando Stump, 47, claims he and his fellow freak campaign workers already have the signatures of enough people to get his party, The Freak and Freedom Party, on the ballot in all 50 states.

"We can't lose," Stump exulted in an interview with this NEWS EXTRA reporter. "Three months ago we didn't even exist as a party. Now we are spreading like wildfire."

"The reason is simple," he continued. "For years we have had pseudo-freaks in Washington, ruling everyone's lives. Or perhaps I should say ruining everyone's lives."

"People are tired of the phony. They want a REAL freak in the White House."

STUMP HAS been well-known since the 35 years as an entertainer. He was in the adobe of the Ramping Bros. Hinges & Hacksaw Circus.

He retired in 1954 to lay the foundation for his run at the presidency.

"During my years in the circus, I was in a position to test the political pulse of the people," he said.

"I don't mean the kingmakers of the East Coast Establishment. I mean the little man... er, make that the forgotten man."

"I often circulated among the circus crowds, begging people by the point legs to get their attention. I put it in their point-blank: 'Do we need a change in Washington?' The answer always was 'Yes!'"

"This led me to believe firmly that my chances for the White House are as good or better than anyone's."

STUMP SAID that his wife, Penelope, is looking forward to being First Lady, and already is doodling with plans to make over the White House so freaks will feel right at home.

"She will save the legs off one table in the East Wing dining room so our family and relatives will be able to sit comfortably," he said.

"We shall install an extra-large bed for her brothers-in-law, Chang and Chang, the famous Sumner twins who weigh 350 pounds apiece."

"I intend to appoint Chang as head of the FBI and Chang as director of the CIA. That way, both agencies will know what the other is doing, at all times."

"Penelope also plans to reform the chandeliers so Jo-Jo the



Hernando Stump is not stumping, convinced that the people of America want a REAL freak in the White House.

Monkey Boy will be able to swing across the rooms at his leisure. I intend to make him secretary of the Treasury, by the way. He is retarded, therefore uniquely qualified for the job."

STUMP SAID he is so confident of victory that he has picked almost his whole Cabinet.

Besides these persons already mentioned, he plans to install Hernando H. Blackberry as head of the Department of Transportation.

"Hernando was born with no arms and legs and has a head the size of a large tomato," Stump explained.

"He gets around on a skateboard powered by solar energy, thus he should be an inspiration to everyone to conserve energy and look for alternative means of transportation."

Hernando the Rubber Man will be head of the Department of Commerce.

"Ricky can stretch his body or contract it so that he is either three feet tall or 30 feet tall and all sizes in between," Stump said.

"By his physical example, he can show businessmen how to stretch a dollar."

STUMP'S CHOICE for head of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare is truly inspired.

"He is Martin Mulligan, killed in the circus as 'the man who has had every disease in the world.'"

"Martin has been ill with innumerable severe eye day's even have names," Stump said. "He has had polio, beriberi, jungle rot, and the Tanganyika Tret, and hundreds of other diseases."

"With Martin as head of HHS, people will be too ashamed to the government to take care of them

just because they have a little illness or a little handicap. The days of freeloading off Uncle Sam will be over."

Stump said that it is only fitting that freaks should take over Washington in 1976, the Bicentennial Year, because most of the Founding Fathers were freaks.

"IT IS TRUE, though nobody knows it because the truth has been covered up," he said.

"Samuel Adams and John Adams were originally Sumner Twins, but were surgically separated," he said.

"Paul Revere was half man, half horse. How many pictures of him have you seen when he was separated from his horse? None that was authentic, I'll tell you that."

"Of course you have heard of Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys, the heroes of New England battles during the Revolutionary War. Well, Allen himself had bright green skin. If he were alive today, he wouldn't have to live in the woods but could drive an easy \$50,000 a year in some sidekick."

"Benjamin Franklin was the original Alligator Boy. His skin was scuffed like a reptile's. That's why he wasn't electrocuted when the lightning struck his kite. Truly skin is no conductor of electricity."

"AND SO it goes," Stump said. "At 50 years old, it is high time that we return to our American heritage and put the true descendants of the Founding Fathers back in the White House."

"With the help of the ultimate political wisdom of the American electorate, there will be freaks running all over Washington on inauguration Day 1977."

Shame! How Unsportsman-Like!

Raiders Hire Nasty Witch Doctor To Help Them Chalk up Victories

By URBAN KILPATRICK
NEWS EXTRA Sports Editor
and
ANSON VYERHARTY
NEWS EXTRA Psychic Editor

In a move that is causing scandal in the National Football League, the Oakland Raiders reportedly have hired a professional witch doctor to help them win their games.

"This is just terrible," one spokesman told NEWS EXTRA when confronted with the information. "It might put an end to the game as we know it."

According to a highly placed source within the Raiders' organization:

Team coach John Madden hired African mystic Bomo Kenyata two weeks before the start of the regular season.

His plans to use Kenyata before each game on the schedule to insure an Oakland victory.

LAST YEAR, Kenyata worked with the New England Patriots during the first half of the season, when the American Conference team compiled a perfect, 7-0 record.

But when the Patriots refused to meet his salary demands, Kenyata turned against them. Instead of blessing their efforts, he cursed them.

As a result, the Patriots lost most of their remaining games, suffered key injuries and failed to make the league playoffs.

That curse has carried over into this season.

In the exhibition season, New England quarterback Jim Plunkett, the key to the Patriots' offense, was injured. He was forced to miss early, regular-season games.

Nowhere else, in Oakland, with Kenyata in camp, the Raiders appear to be a cinch to win the world pro football crown.

SPORTSWRITERS everywhere are praising them because of talented players and strong depth. Many are doing so, knowing full well that Kenyata is working his bones-and-bones spells in the background.

According to the Raiders' source, Madden has given Kenyata an office adjoining his. The fans:

of incense and jungle yells emanate from there hours at a time.

Madden reportedly wants Kenyata to insure the health of George Blanda, his 36-year-old place-kicker-backup quarterback, the oldest man ever to play the rugged sport.

He also wants to protect skilled left-handed quarterback Ken Stabler and reportedly used Kenyata to insure Stabler would have no trouble escaping obligations he had made with the rival World Football League.

If you will recall, Stabler was playing out his contract with the Raiders last year so that he could jump to the other loop.

WHETHER IT was because of Kenyata's work or not, the Raiders' star had his NFL contract voided and signed a new NFL agreement.

Meanwhile, the season opened with the Raiders facing the tough Miami Dolphins, NFL Champions two of the past three years.

Oakland beat the Fishicans soundly, 31-21.

Next came the Baltimore Colts, fresh from a surprise victory over the Chicago Bears. The Colts tumbled, 31-26.

As the Raiders firmly established themselves as leaders in the American Conference Western Division, Madden reportedly was complimenting Kenyata on his work.

"According to my inside information, he's even thinking about giving Bomo a substantial raise," a source said.

"And at the end of the year, I wouldn't be at all surprised to see that Kenyata is voted a full Super Bowl check."

ELSEWHERE in the league, coaches, owners and players alike are raising a furor with Commissioner Peter Rozelle.

They want the Raiders to forfeit their games and want to shame Kenyata and his spells for good.

Some of the teams even are thinking about importing their own witch doctors to combat him, even though Bomo is known as the best in his profession.

"I wouldn't be at all surprised to see this matter wind up in the courts," the source added.



With Kenyata in their camp, the Raiders appear to be a cinch to win the pro football crown. Sportswriters everywhere are praising them because of talented players and strong depth. Many are doing so, knowing full well that Kenyata is working his bones-and-bones spells in the background. Fumes of incense and jungle yells emanate from his office for hours at a time.

Former Superstar of Rock Sings Blues on Skid Row!

By RHONDA REED
NEWS EXTRA
Hollywood Correspondent

Two years ago, rock superstar Ryan Belmonte had everything: money, clothes, money, two muscians, a string of powerful sports cars; he was a celebrity around the world.

But now, he's nothing more than a skid-row bum, content to drink muscians from the bottle, while he sits in the gutter and picks the scales on his legs.

"I may be down and out, but at least I'm happy," Belmonte said in an exclusive NEWS EXTRA interview held in the Beverly section of New York. "At least I've finally got peace of mind."

A dead ringer for Elvis Presley with a voice like Tom Jones, Belmonte rose to international fame in 1967 with such hits as "Ain't No Head Nothin'" "Jelly Frost Summer" and "I Lost My Ring Around the Collar When I

Lost you."

THE SON of a spot-welder and part-time headhunter from Napa City, S.C., who claims he has only musical training came when singing in the shower after high school football games, Belmonte really doesn't like to talk about his past.

It's not that it's too painful. It's just that it's a part of his life he would like to forget.

From his climb to stardom in 1967, Belmonte built his career on sex appeal. Although he was happily married to his childhood sweetheart and had two lovely children—a girl, Joyce, 7, and a boy, Billy, 6—he made his name believe he was single.

As he recorded such gold records as "It Will Be a Gray Christmas in Los Angeles Because of the Snow" and "Mister Mash Meets the Exotic Band," he tricked his followers into thinking he was

lovelorn and lovelorn.

THROUGH THE years, he received thousands of proposals and propositions from noble young women.

A faithful husband, however, he turned them all down.

"It really was getting to me," Belmonte told NEWS EXTRA with a wheeze. "Teenage girls were driving me insane."

"Everywhere I went, they were all over me. I couldn't even go to the job I had peace unless I had a bodyguard along. It was terrible, I tell you, terrible."

As the money and his kept on coming, Belmonte kept his wife and children hidden carefully in the background. But he still made them an important part of his life.

The turning point in his life came in 1973 at the Newport Rock and Soul Festival in Charleston, R.I.

"THERE I was," he said,



At the height of his career, Ryan, who looks like Elvis Presley, belted out his songs in a voice like Tom Jones.

"standing on stage and singing love songs to 35,000 screaming young girls. The thought of it was driving me crazy."

"After all these years, I've come to hate all teenagers, with the possible exception of my own children."

Mixing through his 45-minute set, two dozen teenagers stormed

the stage, threw him to the ground and began tearing off his clothes.

"It was nothing new," he recalls. "But this time, it really got to me."

Stagehands quickly came to his aid and threw the young women off, but the incident changed Belmonte forever.

"I knew immediately what I had to do," he said. "I stopped the band from playing and walked to the front of the stage."

"I TOLD one and all that I was a happily married man with two beautiful children and a loving wife who had been at my side for more than 12 years."

"At that, the crowd started to boo and throw things at the stage. I ducked just in time, or a wise little would have cracked my skull."

From that moment, Belmonte's career was finished. As soon as the news reached the press, critics blasted him for leading his public on for six years. They chastised him and criticized his singing style.

Almost immediately, sales of his records fell to nothing, and disc jockeys refused to play his tunes, even when offered payola.

Six months after the Rhode Island incident, Belmonte's wife kicked him out of the house they owned in Oklahoma and filed for divorce.

UNDER STATE divorce laws, she was given everything, including his car, his tools and underwear.

Left out in the cold, Belmonte drifted listlessly for a few months, singing on street corners for spare change. It was then that he began drinking heavily.

"It only took me a little while to realize that I was enjoying this life, though," he said. "I really enjoyed not being in the public eye, being stone broke and having to live from day to day."

"It sure was a change from what I had been."

So now, Belmonte has no plans to continue his singing career. "No," he said. "I'd rather be a bum."

Praise This Guy! He's Invented a Pill To Keep Razor-Tongued Mothers-in-Law Quiet!

By DR. MARTIN BARSTOW BLOODWORTH
NEWS EXTRA Science and Medical Editor

A quick-witted scientist has invented a pill that keeps his cantankerous mother-in-law quiet, but he now faces a federal rap for misappropriating government funds and charges he belated the woman as a nag.

Chemist Florence P. Grimpale of Beaver Dam (Wisc.) State College spent two years and \$1.3 million to develop the MLL-1 pill.

"This thing will revolutionize care for the elderly," he told NEWS EXTRA in an exclusive interview from his comfortable cot at the Beaver Dam jail.

"No longer will people have to worry about old folks getting into places where they don't belong, bickering housework and the like and generally making a mess out of our lives."

"WITH MY pill, given once each morning, men and women alike can leave their garreters behind and go to town with the full knowledge that the old husbands they leave behind won't be doing anything wrong."

"Indeed, they'll be content to sit in a corner or stare out of the window and mind their own business for the entire day."

A professor of pharmacology, Grimpale originally got the idea in 1973, after his mother-in-law, Mrs. Sadie Morgan, 63, decided to do the wash, starched his socks and underwear and tread holes in his shirts.

"That was the last straw," he said. "I knew the old bag was only trying to be helpful, but that was ridiculous."

"She'd pulled other crazy stunts in the past, too. Why once, she even decided to clean my tropical fish tank while I was at school."

"WHEN I got back to the house, all my fish—\$500 worth—were 'drying' on the radiator, while she was cleaning the glass."

Grimpale knew he had to do something, but he wasn't sure what action to take.

"It was then that I got the \$1.3-million government grant to develop a cure for Montanara's Revenge," he said.

"It had submitted my plans for the study to the government more than a year before, but had given up hope. This came as a real surprise."

Arriving as any concerned but lazy son-in-law would do, Grimpale immediately decided to use the money to find a way to write Mrs. Morgan down.

"It was quite a project and took up most of my free time," he said.

"But I finally was able to develop a pill using substances found in the cantabile saliva plant."

"It's an extract that when given in pill form makes a person listless, but at the same time keeps him happy."

"ANYONE WHO takes my MLL-1 pill gets an immediate rush and enters a euphoric state. He doesn't have any worries or concerns. Instead, he enjoys staring off into space or listening to music."

"It's just wonderful, I tell you!" Grimpale has been using his mother-in-law as a test subject for the past 12 months with proven success.

"I gave the old broad a bit the first day, and she hasn't gripped at me since," he said. "She's too busy staring off into space."

"By now my arrest four days ago, I was giving her an equal dose every day with excellent results."

Grimpale encountered trouble in late September, when government agents started taking an interest in his work to see if he actually had come up with a cure for Montanara's Revenge, a disease that incapacitates travelers everywhere.

"WHEN THEY checked with me, I told them the truth," he said. "I told them I had come up with some thing completely different, a mother-in-law pill, something that was guaranteed to keep old folks out of my house."

It was then that federal marshals came and charged him with misappropriating his \$1.3-million grant, of which only \$23.67 was left. Soon after, however, other scientists began studying his MLL-1 pill. Quite soon, they discovered that it was nothing more than THC, the active ingredient of marijuana, which goes by the scientific name "cannabidiol."

THC is a highly potent form of marijuana that is sure to render users completely useless to society.

WHEN DOCTORS called upon Mrs. Morgan to determine her condition, they found the woman going through a painful withdrawal after developing a yearning addiction to the drug.

Only massive doses were able to calm her down and stabilize her condition.

She now is a patient at the Federal Drug Rehabilitation Center at Louisville, Ky.

Less than two hours after discovering Mrs. Morgan, local law enforcement officials arrested Grimpale, charging him with adding the women as drugs.

He remains in jail in lieu of \$50,000 bond.

Even so, he swears his innocence.

"I'm just a loving son-in-law," he said. "I was just trying to do right by the old girl."

CAREER AS 'KOJAK' RUINED

Horrors! Hair Sprouting On Telly Savalas' Bald Noggin!

By RHONDA REED
NEWS EXTRA
Hollywood Correspondent

Telly Savalas, the bald legal eagle of prime time TV, has been hit with disaster. His hair is growing uncontrollably.

The 51-year-old actor is in hiding. He has stopped filming on his super-hit TV show, "Kojak."

The hair is reported growing at a rate of one inch a day, maybe faster. It is useless for him to try to shave it. Within an hour, he has what looks like a hair horror.

Telly reportedly is using the manufacturer of a medicated skin cream, charging that his wild hair growth is a result of using it.

Savalas alleges that he bought a tube of Itch-No-More cream, a preparation for minor skin and scalp irritations, and applied it according to the directions on the label.

HE WENT to bed and woke up 10 hours later, felt something funny on top of his head, reached up and grabbed a handful of long, thick hair.

Unbelieving, Savalas raced to his bathroom mirror and saw that he had a near-lipstick length growth, almost reaching his shoulders!

Frantically, he found a pair of scissors and hacked away. Then he shaved further with an electric

razor. Then he lathered up his head and went to work with a straight razor.

But it was no use. By the time Telly had one side of his bald old pate smooth and shiny again, the other side was sprouting new hair.

"As I understand it, he sprayed five inches of hair that first night," a friend told this NEWS EXTRA reporter.

"Fortunately, he saved all he cut off to give his lawyer. I understood that in the three weeks since the tragedy struck, he has accumulated almost a bushel basket full of hair.

"AFTER THAT first night, the hair didn't grow nearly so fast. But it did level off at the rate of one inch a day, and no matter what Telly does, he can't stop it."

NEWS EXTRA learned that Savalas attempted to work on "Kojak" as if nothing had happened, but that cameras ground to a halt every few minutes, as fresh strands popped out of his skull, ruining scenes after scenes.

The set rang with the anguished cries of "Cut! Cut! Cut!" as Telly, in shame, raced for his dressing room and his trusty razor.

Finally, production ground to a halt. The show's producers are frantic. There are only three more completed segments in the can. If Savalas does not find a cure for his affliction, the show

may be forced to fold in the middle of the season.

AS HIS lawyers prepare his lawsuit, Savalas is reported to have become very depressed and reclusive.

He rarely goes out, and never by day. He wears a tight-fitting hat with a chin strap tied tightly so that curious fans won't yank it off and expose his shame to the world.

His career definitely is in jeopardy. Since the image of "Kojak" has become so deeply lodged in the public mind as a bald-headed cop, there is no question but that he will not be allowed to continue in the part, even if explanations for his "new look" were hastily written into the scripts.

One producer said hesitantly, "Well, maybe he's done for in 'Kojak,' but we are considering a new series on The Waltons. Perhaps Telly would be right for the part."

A SPOKESMAN for the Itch-No-More company said that his firm will fight Savalas' suit all the way to the Supreme Court if necessary.

"Our scientists say there is no way our product can be responsible for the unfortunate accident that has befallen Mr. Savalas," the spokesman said. "Our product is a concoction

that includes the whites of salmonator eggs, cold cream, a dash of iodine and certain inert ingredients. None of these can possibly cause hair to grow. Fall out, maybe, but not grow.

"We feel that Mr. Savalas must have developed a sudden hormone imbalance, which coincided with his use of our product

"WE ARE considering a counterclaim, because sales of Itch-No-More have fallen 50 per cent since Mr. Savalas' troubles, and our competitor has begun it to brand with what's left of the company's bank account.

"Even if Mr. Savalas should win — and we find this inconceivable — there will be nothing for him to collect, unless he'd like a couple of thousands of unpaid Itch-No-More."

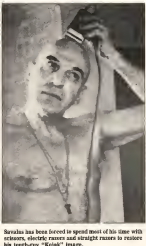
There is a rumor that Savalas is on the verge of losing his wife, Sally Adams.

A friend quoted her: "I married a baldie because I love baldies. They didn't tell me something like this might happen. Now everytime I run my hand across his head, I get the heebie-jeebies."

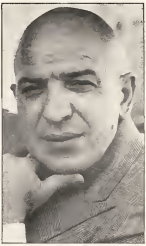
Sally, though, has decided not to make a move until it can be determined if the hair growth can be stopped. But, friends say, she is making Telly sleep on the couch in the interim.



Telly looks just awild with that hair growing on his cute bald head.



Savalas has been forced to spend most of his time with scissors, electric razors and straight razors to restore his tough-guy "Kojak" image.



We wish Telly all the luck in the world to regain that sexy bald look again.

The World Premiere of 'Swamp Mama' Lures Hollywood Biggies to a Stinking Swamp & Mr Rhonda Is There!



Rhodes did a fantastic job of directing a cast of thousands.



Willie Jefferson



Viviana Grier

By RHONDA REED
NEWS EXTRA
Hollywood Correspondent

Everyone who is anyone in Hollywood trooped to a stinking little burg on the edge of a Georgia swamp for the premiere of a semi-animated, violent new movie directed by a seven-year-old boy.

The movie is "Swamp Mama," starring Willie (Kendrick) Jefferson and Viviana Grier. The director is Rodney Allen Rippey, the cute little black lad on TV commercial lanes.

Litigious after litigious houses across the muddy roads into Gator, Ga., for the gala opening.

Rednecks in battered bib overalls gaped as the coffin-like of heavy vehicles pulled up in front of the old Tivoli Theater, which had been renovated for the occasion.

The Tivoli had been closed since 1932. But "Swamp Mama" producer Aslan Karimian ordered a remodeling job, which eventually took six weeks plus the services of pest control people, interior decorators, etc. Total cost was \$50,000.

BUT IT WAS WORTH IT. The sleepy little godforsaken town now had a night like "Swamp Mama" night.

Scores of lights lined the crumbling sidewalks and over their heads as the first night, as the Ruffs Rogers and Lincoln Continental rolled in.

Radio and TV celebrity com-



mentors excitedly ticked off the names of the famous stars who swept grandly into the theater.

Leading the parade were Liza Minnelli and husband Jack Haley Jr., Son Zo Zee Gabor and husband Jack Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gosell, Raquel Welch and boyfriend Ben Talsky, Dean Martin and wife Cathy Haven, David Janssen and wife Dani Green, Jim Nabors and his mother.

Right behind were Lin Taylor and Richard Burton, Jackie Onassis and Ted Kennedy, Truman Capote and a close male friend, Rock Hudson and a close male friend, Steve McQueen and wife Ali MacGraw, and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Bernstein.

ALL WERE cheered by the local blacks, but the biggest cheer

of all were for the stars and the child director.

Since all three are Negroes and the network papers were all Southern whites, your NEWS EXTRA reporter wondered by the explosion and cheers were so warm and friendly.

Mayor Billy Joe McCalister explained, "Look, these darkeys brought a million bucks to town, and let me tell you, the black don't rub off on the ground."

"There ain't been an industry here since the yule mill closed down in 1938. I make only \$5,000 a year, creating kickbacks, and I'm the richest man in town."

"BUT SINCE the negroes showed up, everybody's making in cash. Ma Whipple used to charge \$5 a week at her bartering house. The movie folks gave her \$100 a week apiece, and there was nig-

of 'em sleeping there. The rest rested all the abandoned houses around town and paid the owners \$10,000 or more plus they paid to have roofs put on and windows put in out of their own pockets."

"Barker Smith raised the price of hamburgers at his diner from 25 cents to \$2.50 all the time the actors were here, and they never looked in eye. Barker's driving a new pickup truck now, thanks to them."

"Yeah, 'Swamp Mama' is the best thing to hit little old Gator since the 'Six Nine Kiss'."

The movie was filmed in and around Gator, starting last March and winding up in September.

DIRECTOR KIPPY directed the cast of thousands in the epic story about a black female alligator trapper (Miss Grier) and her black amorous underlings engaged in lusty underlings with a gang of Negro usurers headed by Jefferson.

There are lots of rapes, knifings, love-making in the muddy swamps, alligator killing and being killed. Filmed in living color, it often seems that the only color is blood.

Rodney Allen Rippey stepped to the theater stage to receive playbills after the showing. Hollywood's greatest celebration clapped, whistled and stamped.

But as he was in the middle of his speech of thanks, he suddenly was yanked off by his mother, "Mr. Rhodes's bedlam," she explained to the audience.



Raquel Welch turned up with boyfriend Ben Talsky on her arm. We don't know what she's wearing, but it looks like she just stepped out of a shower or she's getting ready to go to bed.



Howard Gosell took time out from running his bar to attend the gala opening with his wife, Miss Gosell.



Our photographer caught David Janssen with his wife, Dani Green. It's a good thing we didn't catch him with another woman, because we think the lovely Dani would be very upset.



Son Zo Zee Gabor brought her latest husband, Jack Ryan. The way she goes through husbands, we hope they're all married by the time all you fans out there read this stinking story.

Migoosh! Why? How? Bungling Government Idiots Flood Scenic Grand Canyon!



The once beautiful nearly dry Grand Canyon has become an inland sea, thanks to those mopes in Washington.

Bungling government idiots have changed the Grand Canyon from one of the Seven Wonders of the World into a dirty lake.

Anyone who wants to view the scenic beauty of the famed canyon had better bring his swim fins. The place is now full to the brim with nasty sewer water diverted from a city to the north.

"It appears some dimwit twiddled the wrong valve," a conservation expert explained. "The city had been getting its drinking water from the Colorado River and now they're sending the used stuff back down up the same pipes."

The mighty Colorado River, NEWS EXTRA readers will recall, once flowed at the bottom of the Grand Canyon. It still does, but it also flows in the middle of the canyon and all the way to the rim, too.

The name of the city whose sewage now fills the popular tourist area was not disclosed. Nor was the identity of the valve twiddling dimwit.

HOWEVER, it is suspected the dimwit is part of a conspiracy that includes prominent ship manufacturers looking to increase their sales of glass-bottomed boats in the Southwest. Nobody told us the boat com-

panies' names, either.

A former ranger from Grand Canyon National Park told NEWS EXTRA that the canyon began mysteriously filling up last April.

"We began suspecting something was wrong in August, at the height of the tourist season," ex-ranger Simon Cauliflower said.

"Passengers on the rubber raft river excursions complained that the Colorado's famous rapids had become very hard to run because they were now loaded under 50 feet of water. The wetsuits, they added, had turned brown.

"LATER, when we noticed that horseback riders taking pack trips down to the bottom of the canyon were coming back soaking wet, we knew something was going wrong."

"Sure enough, we stuck a big ruler to the river bottom and found that the level had risen 40 feet," he said.

Conservation officers who repeated the intricate testing procedure again and again over the next few weeks discovered that the water level was rising at the rate of 50 feet a week, more or less.

"Where, we wondered, was all the extra water coming from? It doesn't rain much in that area," ex-ranger Cauliflower said.

"Clearly, something has to be done."

For starters, the park rangers posted signs over the canyon ordering tourists to refrain from spilling any liquid into the Colorado River. Stinkoats were established throughout the park to catch grizzly bears in the act of relieving themselves in the river.

"THOSE WE caught received severe reprimands," the ex-ranger said. "Repeat offenders were exiled to national forests in Upper Michigan, where tourists are scarce and handouts few and far between."

But even these stern measures failed to stem the rising waters.

"Clearly, something more had to be done," the ex-ranger went on. "We knew that somewhere someone was sucking extra water into our river."

"We had to find that someone and find him fast, before our beloved canyon disappeared forever. What's more, for some strange reason, it was starting to stink."

A tourist fishing for coep stumbled on the answer when he reeled in the tattered remains of a birth control device.

"We one would throw such a nasty thing into the Grand Canyon," ex-ranger Cauliflower said. "So we knew it must have been flushed down a toilet. But from where?"

"WE IMMEDIATELY checked out all the sewer discharge pipes dumping into the canyon. None of them seemed to be spouting out any more stinks than usual. No answer there.

"Next, we checked the drinking water inlet pipes."

Ex-ranger Cauliflower explained that dozens of major cities obtain their water supplies from the Colorado River, diverting the river in pipes. When they're done using it, they send it back to the river in separate pipes, which are known as sewers.

"Why they don't just use the same water over and over instead of sending it back here first is beyond me," he mused. "But that's not our problem."

"Our problem is that they send back more than they take out, for obvious - and uncomfortable - reasons. And at least one of the cities was sending back lots and lots more."

The rangers checking the pipes discovered that both the sewer pipe and the intake pipe from one major city were spewing forth liquid at a high rate. Normally only the sewer pipe spews forth.

"WE SENT an investigator to the city at once," the ex-ranger continued. "There he learned the official story - that some dimwit twiddled the wrong valve at the municipal water works, which

sent the city's used water out through both pipes.

"One of our undercover agents uncovered the conspiracy. It turned out that the dimwit was taking bribes from underhanded boat tycoons. In fact, he had a brand new glass-bottomed boat sitting in plain view on a trailer in front of his garage."

Ex-ranger Cauliflower produced an advertisement for NEWS EXTRA that provided graphic proof of the scheme. The ad read, in part, "See the Grand Canyon close up."

"Although it is cleverly worded to hide the fact, the ad obviously was placed by a glass-bottomed boat owner since the only way to see the canyon close up anymore is with a glass-bottomed boat," he said.

MEANWHILE, park officials are said to be pleading with the suspect city to fire the dimwit and shut off the excess water flow. They expect the maneuver to be a long, drawn-out process since the dimwit is allegedly related to the mayor.

"But even if we succeed in snuffing the river returns to its normal level, the Grand Canyon is never going to be the same," he sighed.

"That grubby water is going to leave an awful ring."

H Counterfeit Money Scheme Backfired on Naughty Mobsters

By M.K. HURSTON

Business Editor
A prominent underworld counterfeitfing ring reportedly faces bankruptcy because of its ill-advised scheme to flood world monetary markets with the nearly worthless currency of a tiny nation.

Once a respected name in international crime circles, InterMob, Ltd., faces an uncertain future, because of its decision to print bogus Milanese monetary notes. The bills are worth only one-3,000,000th of a dollar apiece, perhaps less by the time you read this.

The effects on the proud criminal conglomerate have been devastating.

According to rumors circulating through world crime sources, bill collectors are racing legal authorities in a massive search for the corporate hideout. A major loan sharking firm is said to be taking steps to repurchase the ring's printing presses.

A COALITION of big men, bill-payers and assorted employees have filed a class-action suit to obtain their back pay. InterMob's lawyers and engineers allegedly staged a wildcat walkout and had to be bused to a bloody pulp by company goons before returning to work.

"It's sad to see a fine, established gang of crooks like InterMob go down the tubes like this," said Jacques "Killer" Marquee, an expert on multinational criminal corporations.

"But for this recent period of unfortunate high-level management decision making, Inter Mob Ltd. could have been the General Motors of the underworld. Why they wanted to make imitations of something nobody wanted in the first place is beyond me."

He said he suspects InterMob chose to counterfeit Milanese monetary notes instead of more respectable currencies such as Swiss francs and Brazilian cruzeiros in an effort to reduce corporate overhead. While other bills require special paper and engraving techniques, possible imitations of moderns can be run off on a cheap office copier machine.

"IT WAS a classic attempt to improve the firm's prevailing cost-profit structure," Killer said. "An American \$100 bill might cost 30 cents or so to counterfeit, based on the size of the final print run. You can make decent moderns for a penny apiece."

The trouble is that while every psychologically sound consumer buys greedily after U.S. \$100 bills, nobody wants a modern. As regular NEWS EXTRA

readers will recall, the economy of the tiny European principality tucked away in the Alps is total chaos and has been for months. Every week the financial pages of the world's newspapers brought news of yet another deviation of the modern.

With devastating suddenness, the modern sank in value to a low of 3.5 million to the dollar. A temporary rally that sent it to 2.9 million to the dollar was blamed as Berlin's West Side Mob's.

THE MODERN has shown strong gains of late; its value is now rated at 3.6 million to the dollar. But for InterMob, Ltd., the gains are too little and too late.

"There is even talk in InterMob executive nation of filing for bankruptcy," Marquee revealed. "Their prospects of getting a government loan to bail them out are nil. Britain has enough trouble with failures among its legal businesses."

"The American government, which usually gives money to anybody, has refused to help InterMob. And the Mafia, the only other available large-scale international financier, has termed the gang a 'bad risk, investment-repellent.'"

"I have even heard that Wall Street's Security and Exchange Commission (SEC) is considering ordering a halt in trading of InterMob stock." Not listed on the Big Board, InterMob securities are sold in UTC (under the counter) markets. Prices of its common and convertible preferred stock have plummeted since the modern project was announced.

IT IS A bumbling end for one of the most colorful names in multinational crime.

InterMob, Ltd., was once one of the most promising names during the go-go years of the 1960s. Formerly known as The Kelly Gang, it gained prominence when its officers decided to "go public" and issue common stock.

"This is a new era of public acceptance and respectability," said founder and president Ben "The Doubledealer" Kelly in announcing the gang's new name and its 40-million share stock offering.

The stock, issued with a par value of \$6 per share, quickly doubled and then tripled in price as the thriving cash businesses as prostitution, loan sharking, murder for hire and beating up old ladies in the street.

ALL THE WHILE, the executive man who built up a worldwide reputation as "whiz kids," they include Dan "The Horrible" Coleman, secretary-treasurer;

Gordon "The Worse Than the Other Guys" Wiggins, v.p. sales, and others too stupid to mention.

Their low failures, until now, came with an ill-advised tender offer to buy the members of New York's Five Families, an entrenched, old-line organization. But InterMob accomplished its multi-national intentions by acquiring a majority interest in Kriminalgrupp AG (formerly known as Berlin's West Side Mob).

"Then came the decision to enter the counterfeitfing business," Marquee said. "InterMob president Darnborough Kelly said he thought the competition there was notably lax and that the time was ripe for our entry into the currencies mutation field."

"HE CHOSE the U.S. as a test market and flooded the country with imitations of Benetton's soccer uniforms. The immediate corporate acceptance of this modest project encouraged InterMob's Product Planning Department to consider an all-out effort."

"I believe it was Andrew 'The Rhymer' O'Toole, v.p. schemes, who proposed the Milanese modern."

O'Toole, whose relationship

with InterMob, Ltd., was recently terminated by means of an ice pack driven into his skull, praised the modern for its "high-volume, low overhead" potential.

"But the plan was doomed to failure," Marquee sighed. "InterMob's fate couldn't hope to compare with the real thing."

"Every time the gang lowered its prices, Milan ruler King Vitor III showed up in the financial press to announce that real moderns had been devalued again."

"PRETTY SOON, InterMob hideouts were filled with unpassed bogus moderns. They cost more to print than they were worth."

"InterMob's public relations officer, Ralph 'The Check-pusher' Montana, tried to bolster the modern's value by placing rumors about economic recovery in Milan. But no one believed the rumors."

"The confirmation of the mob's insistent desire comes, unofficially, from the landlady of their international corporate hideout."

"These turkeys ain't paid no rent in five months," he said. "And now that they can't afford landlords to beat me up no more, I'm tossing them out on their backs."



An ice pack in the skull ended O'Toole's link to the mob.

Life Is a Can of Worms for Look-Alike For Fidel Castro Living on KKK Turf!

By ARNO AGRIKOLA
NEWS EXTRA Farm Editor

An Alabama tenant farmer is living a life of hell because he is a dead ringer for Cuban dictator Fidel Castro.

Joe Reb Parich of Hedrick, Ala., told NEWS EXTRA that he has been shot at, spit at, tarred and feathered.

As we talked in his humble shack two miles from town, the cheered remains of a burning cross smoldered in the grassless front yard.

"The KKK showed up here last night," Parich explained. "They'd have burned down my house except I drove them off with a shotgun after they put up the burning cross."

"They think anyone who looks so much like Fidel has to be a godless Communist."

"BUT I AM 306 per cent white American, just like them. But in this part of the country, if you



Joe Reb wouldn't be in so much darn trouble if he didn't dress like that darn fool Fidel Castro down in Cuba.

don't look just the way they want you too, your name is mud."

Parich said he moved to Hedrick from Gator, Ga., last year after his wife ran off with a traveling Bible salesman.

"I never had so trouble in Gator," he said. "Maybe that's because all the people there are so dumb that nobody knows what Fidel Castro looks like. There are no newspapers and the nearest TV station is too far away for the signal to reach, so folks are kind of in the dark on international affairs."

"But the minute I got here, trouble started."

"After I unloaded my 1885 model truck and took my few measly sticks of furniture inside

this shack, I went into town for a drink at the Dew Drop Inn."

"I THOUGHT everyone was acting funny. The place got quiet as a cemetery the minute I walked in the door. I saw all these eyes glaring at me."

"The barkeep started and frowned but finally asked what I wanted. I said a beer, and he got it. And he threw it in my face."

"Next thing I knew, I was being attacked from all sides by all the people in the bar. They kicked me, called me a crummy Red, an enemy of God, and all kinds of ugly names."

"They finally kicked me out the door, and I crawled across the street to a doctor's office. His nurse took one look at me and spit in my face. The doc came out, took one look, picked up his phone and asked the operator to get him the FBI. I high-tailed it out of there."

As Parich stumbled into the street, he was greeted by nasty little children, all throwing rocks and animal excrement at him.

HIS SOUGHT refuge at the jail, where Sheriff Ray Roach threw him into a filthy cell.

Poor Parich languished in the dark, stinking cell for hours before the sheriff released.

"The sheriff told me he had been in contact with the authorities in the state capital who called Washington and learned that I couldn't be Fidel Castro because he was known to be in Havana," Parich said.

"That was the first I realized what the trouble was. I didn't know I looked like that Russian puppet."

"Anyway, the sheriff said he had no choice but to let me go, but said if I even so much as was caught spitting on the sidewalk, he'd personally lynch me himself."

"He said anyone who looked as much like the enemy as I do had no business walking around among freedom-loving Americans and God-fearing Christians."

PARCH KNEW better than to attempt to return to town, even for supplies. So he tried to get his closest neighbor, Lena Rebba, to pick up his necessary provisions.

Rebba's reply was to knock a hole in the fence that separated the two properties and set his cattle wandering through Parich's newly planted vegetable garden.

The day after, Parich found his cow with its four feet in the air, pastured.

He drew a pail of water from his well and was about to take a drink when a hard flow by, landed on the bucket rim and took a drink. The bed dropped dead.

Parich currently declared that his well had been poisoned overnight. Now he is forced to drink rain water — and I seldom



This is the real Fidel, can't you tell?

runs in Hedrick, Ala., during the summer months.

HIS OLD truck was destroyed with a homemade bomb. He put out 17 fires on his roof in a three-week period.

"Looks like I'm gonna have to pick up my stuff and move along," Parich told NEWS EXTRA glumly. "I haven't slept for two months. I don't dare leave the shack during the day, and only for a few minutes at night."

"See those marks on the side of

the house? Those are bullet holes. Everybody in the county wants to be the first to put a bullet in the hole of Fidel."

Year NEWS EXTRA reporter agreed that Parich is a dead ringer for the Cuban leader.

He is the same height and build, has the same beard and prominent nose. He also dresses in Army fatigues, same as Fidel.

"CAN'T CHANGE my clothes, they're the only ones I got," he said apologetically. "My ex-wife

took my only good suit and gave it to her boyfriend."

NEWS EXTRA suggested that Parich might be better accepted by his neighbors if he would just shave off his beard and get a crewcut. If he did that, nobody would mistake him for Fidel Castro anymore.

Parich's mouth fell open. His eyes grew wide as if he had just seen a great white light.

"By God," he said softly, "you know I never thought of that."

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WHAT'S UP DOC?

By Don Green AKA

Dear Doc: Know it or Ad.

Did you know that buffalo meat is tastier than prime beef, lower in cholesterol, doesn't cost as much and doesn't produce allergens? It's true. What's more, the demand for buffalo meat is growing fast, just like the good old days. Why are shapers alone unimpaired more than 600,000 pounds of choice meat to supermarkets last year.

Whether you know it or not, the buffalo was first used for food by the Plains Indians and was also a source of clothing and other necessities, ranging from cooking utensils to glue. Although the wilds of the millions animals covered the prairies are gone, there are still 25,000 to 30,000 buffalo on the U.S., with approximately one-third of them located in South Dakota.

Today, the buffalo is a common beast in many markets, and there's nothing as tasty as a buffalo barbecue or a buffalo T-bone. While it isn't possible to buy buffalo in great quantities at one time, the meat is still available.

Ray Hesch, president of the National Buffalo Association and owner of the Triple-U Ranch near Fort Pierre, S.D., raises nearly 5,000 head annually for market about 1,800 animals this year at dressed-out prices of \$1 to \$1.25 a pound.

"The demand for buffalo meat is growing rapidly, and meat from the Triple-U is sold not only to supermarkets across the U.S. but to gourmet restaurants, organizations and individuals as well."

He began his herd in 1960 with a purchase of 32 head. During the 1960s, he made sizable purchases from the Custer State Park, but today has a breeding herd of more than 5,000 cows and calves. "I'm kind of in the consulting business now," he says. "I let my son Jerry manage the herd and ranch."

"I've always been interested in buffalo, and after we raised that first dam, we decided to go to raising them on a large scale."

Hesch's ambition has made him the world's largest owner of a once-vanishing species. And through careful culling of the herd and good conservation practices, there will always be a buffalo herd at the Triple-U Ranch.

Love,
South Dakota Division of Tourism.

What does?

Dear Doc:

We are taking pride in the fact that you are upgrading your column by including letters from people like the South Dakota Division of Tourism. It does us proud to see that you're finally coming around with some common sense and damping all those waxes who have been writing you. Keep up the good work.

The Editors

Dear Doc:

That wasn't very nice.

The Editors

I know.

Confidential to feed loose and fancy free but with a terrible case of the clap in Greenfield, Ind. - Keep it.

This was great opportunity given to us that I know it is a pleasure if you have been printed enough by what I like as it could give, and your question to Who's Up Doc, National NEWS EXTRA, 2715 N. Paulina Rd., Chicago, IL 60639

News Extra Helps Old Mule Face Get Her Man Tender Tale on Page 19



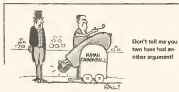
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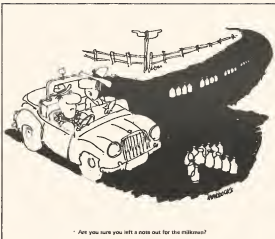
Page 18



Steady, you impetuous fool!



Don't tell me you two have had another argument!



* Are you sure you left a note out for the milkman?



I think he likes you
Janie ... he doesn't
give his words to
just anyone!




Why don't we all get dressed and live things up with a game of strip poker?



Jamar, what is it th
trasted you to me?



RAM?  What do YOU make of it, Mrs. Higgins?

Old Mule Face Matilda Hits Jackpot With Young, Handsome French Playboy

By BOSCO VILLICAN
Of The
NEWS EXTRA Staff

A lovely, ugly old woman who appealed through NEWS EXTRA for friends has hit the jackpot.

Miss Matilda (Mule Face) Merkwiler of Bruner's Switch, Ind., has nabbed a pretty-boy playmate type from Southern Europe and will marry him next spring.

It was an excellent Matilda — whose nickname is Mule Face — who excitedly telephoned NEWS EXTRA's executive editor, Bernard (Big Scoop) Pulitzer with the good news.

"Your paper has done it for me!" Matilda said in her unpleasant back voice.

"A lovely young man who read about me in NEWS EXTRA called me collect all the way from France and asked me on the spot to marry him. He said he could be

at my farm in 48 hours if I just wired him the plane fare.

"I DID, and he's here now! He's asleep in the back room, poor dear. He was quite drunk when he arrived, and became ill as soon as he walked into this house.

"But he should be OK in a day or two. I have him under the house."

Your NEWS EXTRA reporter quickly caught a jet to Indiana and drove a rented car across rough country roads to the Merkwiler farm.

Perhaps we should pause at this point and fully acquaint our readers with the tear-jerking particulars of the Matilda Merkwiler story.

Late in September, Matilda — a steady reader of NEWS EXTRA — wrote to the editor to let of her lonely life.

In it, she said she had no friends and that even the children

of her small rural community threw rotten tomatoes at her because she is so ugly.

"MY ONLY pleasure is watching TV and reading your fine newspaper," Matilda wrote. "Since you always seem so kind to unfortunate people such as dwarfs and freaks, I thought I would write to you for help.

"Is there someone in the world who would like to be my friend? I need someone to sit across from me at the breakfast table, someone who can look at me and talk to me without throwing up."

Matilda also mentioned that although she is ugly as a pig, she has a mortgage-free farm valued at \$120,000 under which are suspected rich oil deposits.

The plaintive story of Mule Face Matilda was flashed throughout the world on the wires of NEWS EXTRA.

As we soon shall see, Matilda



Mule Face was ecstatic when she snared handsome Philippe.

hit pay dirt when a handsome young beach bum temporarily out of rich old women to suck off of picked up a copy of the paper as it blew across the beach at St. Tropez, France, and chanced to read her story.

YOUR REPORTER, pulled into the farm yard of the Merkwiler house. The house is a big clayboard structure, in need of paint but apparently sturdy, in the style of the 1880s.

It is surrounded on two sides by a bag wallow. The sink of bags is everywhere, even inside the house, which is furnished with valuable antiques.

There are two weather beaten but sturdy barns and a number of smaller outbuildings including a turkey lot, and chickens in far as the eye can see.

In a far pasture, we could see hundreds of head of cattle grazing. Clearly, though the farm is old, it is valuable.

MISS MERKWILER herself answered the door. Your NEWS EXTRA reporter forced down the vomit that rose from his gut to his esophagus when he looked at the ugly, deformed face of the rich old beast.

"Come in, come in!" the old woman cackled. "But be quiet, because Philippe is sleeping. He should be up in a few minutes. I'm so happy you came to share my happiness with your readers."

While we waited for Philippe, Matilda told this reporter all about him.

He is 24, incredibly handsome in the French playboy manner, and claims to have been the lover of Brigitte Bardot, Queen Elizabeth of Yugoslavia, actress Lili Ullmann, and countless other jet set beauties.

HOWEVER, HE claimed to have lived off the pursuit of beautiful chicks who think of nothing but their own pleasure, and yearned for a simpler life.

When he read Matilda's ad and appeal in NEWS EXTRA, he realized he had found what he had been looking for.

He placed his collect call to Matilda, and the rest is history.

As Matilda beamingly finished the story, Philippe LaTouche walked into the room. He is indeed handsome, and moves with the like confidence of a cat.

He snarled grinningly fond of Matilda, though he would not touch her, nor even look at her if he could help it.

After some moments of conversation, Matilda left the house to feed the chickens and Philippe confided more of the story of his stayback love affair with the disgusting old crease.

"I KNEW how ugly she was in advance from the picture that ran in your paper, so I tried to prepare myself by swallowing a double shot of Dramamine (a substance that quells the urge to vomit)," he said.

"But it didn't work. The minute she stepped front door, I started gagging and couldn't stop for 30 minutes," he said.

"Hell, I'm just in it for the money — but I'll tell you, it's gonna be the hardest money I've ever made. I've made love to a lot of ugly old broads, but honest to God, this one belongs in a freak show!"

Is it worth it?

"Worth it! You bet your sweet bippy it's worth it," Philippe said.

"THIS SPREAD alone must be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars just for the farm value. And if there really is oil out back, that means another million or two for yours truly once we see her lawyer and get her will set right."

"I didn't even find out till I got here that she's got a cool two million in the bank. I've gotta need a semi truck to haul all that cash away."

"Man, she's so ugly she makes me sick, but I'll marry her. This year is Goldenrod City, and the key to the city has just been turned over to me."

Matilda and Philippe, when they marry, will honeymoon on the farm. Philippe is not anxious for the world to see his bride.

Then they will settle into a humdrum existence, with Philippe taking his time with his bride, who is 48 years his senior, drops dead.

"THEN IT'S back to Mistle Carie for me," he said. "With all the money from her will, I can make up for last time by making it with a different bearded cutie every night."

"Believe me, I've already earned the right. When you think of how lucky I've got it, also think of me having to spend every night for the next few years with that horrible face next to mine."

NEWS EXTRA
November 5, 1975

Page 19



Philippe (above) is fond of Matilda, but he won't look at the disgusting breed.



How Could She Bear To Do It?

At least one of those cute, friendly bears that beg polite chips and Hostess Twinkies from passing tourists at Yellowstone National Park is a fraud. Inside one of the fuzzy bears resides lovely Tanya Wrdankansky of Legnawen, Poland. She purchased her first fuzzy suit in a New York City second-hand store just before she headed West. "I thought it would be a good way to meet Americans," she explained, "over the windowsills of their camper vans. They're all one around here, whereas they can be self-conscious near pretty foreign blondes. One problem, though. I've become addicted to Hostess Twinkies — if I don't eat 24 a day I shake uncontrollably."

DOES ANYONE REALLY GIVE A DAMN?

An Epidemic of Gasid Indigestion Sweeping the Nation!

By DR. M.B. BLOODWORTH
NEWS EXTRA Science and Medical Editor

A ferocious new disease epidemic is poised to sweep America and officials warn that no one is immune.

Hard on the heels of St. Louis sleeping sickness and the Scotland flu comes an insidious horror — gasid indigestion.

"Soon Americans' ears will be deafened from the sounds of belching," Dr. Wilton Flower, epidemic expert, told NEWS EXTRA.

"Every other word you and your loved ones will say will be 'brack,' a foul, disgusting burp. Restaurants, trains, elevators and all other crowded public places will sound like the sea lion house at a zoo."

Worse yet, the country's drug arsenal currently is ill-equipped to combat the menace.

"EVEN IF the industry mobilizes to full production right now, there won't be enough Tans, Roloids and Aiko Seltzer Gels to go around," he said.

"The sheriff in antacid production will make itself felt in other places. The price of haking soda, an old standby remedy, will go through the roof, and the kitchen sink of America will again be sour as people become unable to afford to dump the stuff down the drain."

Dr. Flower, who has an epidemic prediction on "the nation's barbecue chef," has scored before on forecasts of horrific diseases. He predicted the heartbreak of porpoise in 1959, athletes' feet in 1946, terminal halitosis

in 1955, a fungus among us in 1950 and Spiro Agnew as early as 1958. His is an impressive track record, indeed.

HE CONSIDERS himself the "Paul Revere of American medical science."

"Americans are good folks, most of them, and they deserve to be forewarned about things that can hurt them," he says modestly.

He warns that the latest horror, gasid indigestion, can sneak up on its victims with no prior warning. It can strike anywhere — at home, at work, at play or even in New Bedford, Conn.

"The symptoms commence with a vague, queasy feeling several inches below the clavichard," he said. "The victim feels a certain discomfort."

"Soon a distinct pain replaces the queasiness."

"A typical sufferer can be heard to exclaim: 'Oh, my gut!'"

"THEN COMES the classic symptom — a barely audible rumbling within his tormented body, followed by the distinctive 'brack,' the foul and disgusting belch.

"Despite the grave social consequences associated with audible belching, the patient usually experiences a feeling of relief after the burp," he revealed.

"But the symptoms quickly begin anew — the queasiness, the pain, the 'Oh, my gut!' — and climax once again with another and yet another foul and disgusting

burp.

"It's a horrible way to go and a lonely way. Patients hospitalized with this terrible ailment must be isolated from the rest of the institution to keep them from disturbing everybody."

But, if drug manufacturers are to be believed, the disease is an easy one to cure. The firms claim their various products can end the queasiness, the pain and the discomfort associated with the ailment.

ONE MAKER even maintains that its brainchild can "turn off the bubble machine" inside a victim's body that is responsible for the low rumbling and the distinctive belch and disgusting belch.

But will there be enough to go around? Can America survive a vicious onslaught of gasid indigestion? Or will our fair nation be the first civilization in recorded history to burp itself to death?

"Apoclypse by belching, that's a thought," Flower mused. "Society made out with a 'burp' but with a 'brack.'"

"Seriousness aside though, I think America will live through gasid indigestion. It won't be easy, and it won't be pleasant.

"And the United States will never be the same after it's all over. We'll know ourselves as we really are, beneath all our polish and sophistication — a bunch of foul and disgusting slobs."